THE

Amazon Queen;

OR,

THE AMOURS

OF

THALESTRIS

TO

ALEXANDER the GREAT.

A

Tragi-Comedy.

By *JO. WESTON* Esq.

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PREFACE.

SINCE this *Queen of* Amazons *was new raised from the dead, the flatteries of her pretended friends inclined her to have aspired to a Crown of Bays, with the applause of a Theatre: But a principal Elector having owned, that he had a child of his own family who pretended to the same Crown, she thought it fit to decline importuning a man to be a friend to her fame, against his own interest: And hearing of a third Competitor, who perhaps lay another way in ambush for her, she resolved to quit the rugged ways of envied honour, where many faults are really found, and more made by ingenious and interessed detractors.*

In the Press she is like to converse with few, but the friends to her extraction, and indeed that little world is all she ought to value: and some of those have already thought her humorous enough to please most men; as Statira *may be amorous enough to divert the young Romantick Ladies, who justly merit to govern the world. The Author hopes all her extravagancies will be pardoned, if he has made her a woman of more honour then Histories have done, which inform us, That the* Amazon *Women did all things like Men. And if the Language of this barbarous Queen be much below the great* Pompey, Mustapha, Montezeuma, *and our* English *revived Heroes; I shall answer them all as* Gundemar *did King* James, *for speaking better Latine then himself, who told him,* [That he spoke like a King, but the King like a Schoolmaster.] *If I have written to all capacities, and to the satisfaction of those that I love, and those who love me best, it is all that is wished for by*

Their most affectionate and most humble Servant,

JO. WESTON.

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The Actors Names.

Alexander the Great.
Epheſtion, his Friend.

Ptolomy.
Perdiccas.
Leonatus.
Eumenes.
} Commanders of *Alexander.*

Tyreus, the Eunuch.

Statira, *Darius* his Daughter.
Thaleſtris, Queen of *Amazons.*
Roxanna, firſt Wife of *Alexander.*

Cleona, *Statira's* Woman.
Heſione, *Roxanna's* Woman.

Hippolita.
Amalthea.
} Two *Amazons.*

THE SCENE,

The Banks of the River *Thermodon*, on the Borders of the *Amazons* Country.

THE Amazon Queen.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Epheſtion, Perdiccas, Leonatus.

Perd. TIS time our King leave his bold chace of Fame,
Now nothing more can add to his great name:
He has no foes like great *Darius* left,
Whom he of more then half the world bereft.
Epheſt. Yes, there is one of his renowned race.
Who takes revenges with her charming face;
The fair *Statira*, who could not ſubdue
Our great King, till her vertue he well knew
Whom he's reſolv'd at no leſs rate to greet,
Then laying the world's Crown beneath her feet.
Leon. Our youth does make us his high mind approve,
We love great victories in War and Love.
But can great *Alexander* ſtoop ſo low
As the fair *Amazons* to overthrow.
Sure fam'd *Epheſtion* will that ill diſſuade,
Wars ſhould with Lips (not Steel) on them be made.

Epheſt. Our brave King will not want my leaſt advice,
His Pity is ſo great, Honour ſo nice:
But he the famed *Thaleſtris* longs to view,
Whom this vaſt Empire never could ſubdue.
But though we are advanc'd upon her Banks,
His Majeſty intends to ſend her Blanks;
That ſuch a foe he may not leave behind,
As might all Women arm againſt Mankind.

Leon. Heaven keep me from receiving any ſcar
In ſuch a baſe, becauſe unnat'ral War.

Perd. I cann't but think if they could us o're-come,
We ſhould be all mew'd up in little room:
Each potent Dame would have ten for her ſhare,
And when decay'd, they us t' th'poor would ſpare.

Leon. How inſolently ſhould we be control'd,
By thoſe who are without all power ſo bold.

Epheſt. My Lord, you ſpeak but of the worſer ſort,
Who would with our own vices then make ſport.

Enter Roxanna, *and* Heſione *her Woman.*

But here comes one, the ſweeteſt of her ſex,
By Nature form'd men to delight and vex;
Her blooming cheeks, and luſtre of her eyes,
With matchleſs ſweetneſs, conquer by ſurpriſe:
The King himſelf who ſaw her in a Dance,
Confeſs'd ſhe won him ſo with each quick glance,
That were it not for great *Statira's* ſoul,
A new-born flame might all the old control.

Perd. Ah! if this Lady's beauty do invite [*apart.*
The King to court her, and his Favourite,
In their bright Sun-ſhine, my hopes ſoon will fade,
But ſtill falſe love may be for int'reſt made.

Leon. May every morn, freſh as the month of *May*,
Or bright *Roxanna's* ſelf, bring her good day.

Rox. And may your Lordſhip your own wiſhes find,
So none of them be to your friends unkind.

Epheſt. Matchleſs *Roxanna* cann't have left for me
Another wiſh that is ſo kind and free:
For *Leonatus* can wiſh but for you,
As all men do who come within your view.

Rox. But they who ſeek me 'gainſt my intereſt,
Or duty, love themſelves and not me beſt.
My father onely can of me diſpoſe;
But I for no man would *Epheſtion* loſe. [*aſide.*

Perd.

Perd. But can *Perdiccas* hope to find a room,
When all the earth does to your Altar come?
Rox. He is my friend, and so hath reason's part,
Which longer lasts then love in women heart.
But though you Courtiers all come too near
To talk of love, which Virgins should not hear,
Yet I repay you all with my esteem,
But Love your vertue is, in us a crime:
But I to meet you here did not thus stray,
I sought this solitude to think and pray.
Epheſt. Then it is more then time that we give way.
[*Exeunt* Epheſtion, Perdiccas, Leonatus.
Rox. These Gallants think their small pretence of smart
Hath found in me a tender easie heart:
They have by turns in private sought my love,
But nought but appetite does mankind move.
Whilst new, I should be thought a mighty Feast,
And then they would a fresh dish like, worse dress'd.
All pleasures of our smell, taste, sight's destroy'd,
As soon as we are fill'd, we must be cloy'd.
But though we learn craft from man's cruelty,
Yet we love well as they variety.
Hes. Think you then, Madam, that no sympathy
Of noble souls lasts to eternity?
Rox. No, there are no such souls as you would have,
What ever you have read or heard that's brave.
Our Conquerour, whose force equals his will,
A *Hero* is, 'cause he can rob and kill.
And well bred Cheats do call it complement,
When flatering they speak what is not meant:
Cheating out-witting is, though some tame fools
Believe the virtue taught us in our Schools;
And I my self seem to believe it too,
Else I could not deceive as others do.
Hes. Then none that boast true love win you that way.
Rox. I'l soooner love him who cheats me at play.
Hes. Statira would abhor you, if she knew
How far her principles differ from you.
Rox. I do believe she counterfeits like me,
For I can vertue act as well as she;
And if by that I gain *Epheſtion*'s love,
The rest my friendship gladly will approve.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT I. SCENE II.

Enter Alexander, Epheſtion, Perdiccas, Leonatus, Statira, Cleona, *and Attendants.*

Alex. All humbled Kings muſt like *Darius* bow,
And leave the old Sun to adore me now.
Fate ſcarce has left a foe to give more glory,
Nor a new world that might augment my ſtory.
But, dear *Epheſtion*, I would ſeek to-day
Statira's doom, before I march away.
[*Exeunt omnes but* Alexander *and* Statira.
How many years muſt I in vain repent, [*to* Statira.
Before my angry goddeſs will relent?

Stat. Till death, Sir, for your Slave can never have
A leſs reſentment till ſhe's in her grave:
My honour will not let me ere forgive,
That by your means my Parents ceaſe to live.
My Friends and Country too have felt your wounds:
Your Conqueſt all our happineſs confounds.
And I deſerve to be in triumph led,
Should I reward theſe miſchiefs with my bed.

Alex. Ah, cruel Princeſs! I have crimes enow,
Make me not under others faults to bow.
By his own Traitors your great Father fell,
And why your Mother di'd the gods can tell;
For ſhe ne'r wanted my reſpect or cares,
Her Funerals were water'd with my tears;
And all your friends, but thoſe who fell in war,
For your ſake truſted, or protected are.
And though my love has kept you near me ſtill,
If that diſpleaſe you, pray go where you will.
Here will my kindneſs ſee you better ſerv'd,
And you ſave all, who have your care deſerv'd.

Stat. Sir, what is truth I never ſhall deny,
You have to us been a brave enemy;
And an accompliſh'd Prince I ſhould you call,
If bold Invaders could be juſt at all.

Alex. Mine but a juſt Defenſive War hath been,
For *Greece* ſo oft the *Perſians* has ſeen,
Invade with millions of men or gold,
Their ſmall divided factions of old.

And poor *Darius* did ſo bribe of late
My Subjects to invade again our State,
That I, no doubt, had been your priſ'ner now,
But that my ſtriking did prevent his blow.
Stat. But you refus'd a vaſt Dominion
Offer'd with me, you would have all or none:
Love was exceeded by Ambition.
Alex. Thoſe conquer'd Nations but ill endur'd
My then new yoke; and could not be ſecur'd
If I had left *Darius* time agen
To arm himſelf with millions of men:
And therefore I obdurate was, to ſave
My ſelf and fame for your ſake from the grave.
Stat. And I as carefully muſt guard my fame
From love of him, has ruin'd all my name.
Alex. Can honour make you pitileſs to kill
Him, who has injur'd you againſt his will?
Can thoſe bright eyes which ſhine like Stars benine,
Have killing plagues, and yet look ſo divine?
Oh let not that ſweet tender face and heart,
Wound thoſe that love you, and yet feel no ſmart.
If you cann't pay the love again I gave,
Give my deſpair ſome pity that may ſave.
Stat. Pity's a ſtock you would graft love upon,
And therefore, Sir, I can afford you none.
Alex. I wonder that you never yet did fear
The fury of a loving Conqueror.
Stat. Your well known fame keeps me from doubt ſecure;
But at the worſt I can all deaths endure.
Alex. But ſince I always muſt find cruelty,
By all the gods I'll change for remedy:
The Empire of the world, which none deſpiſe,
Shall be ere night another woman's prize.
And though your pride makes you refuſe to reign,
Yet to ſubmit to her you will diſdain.
Stat. What you by kindneſs could not of me get,
You never ſhall obtain now by a threat. [*Exit* Alexander.

Enter Cleona.

Ah, my *Cleona*, hadſt thou heard and ſeen
How I refus'd to be the Earth's ſole Queen,
And with it him, whom I do value more
Then all that world can yield, or fools adore;
And hadſt beheld his manly ſweet aſpect,
So full of Majeſty, mix'd with reſpect,

Thou

Thou wouldst this conquest of my self think more,
Then his, who has so much o' th' earth run o'r.

Cleon. But, Madam, why declin'd you happiness,
So great to you and all yours in distress?

Stat. My cruel Honour did not onely move,
But Parents love made civil war with Love.
But when he had with more then common art
Begg'd pity, which seem banish'd from my heart,
He threaten'd that ere night he'd marry one,
And to the *Amazon* I fear he's gone.

Cleon. That is too true, for she's advanc'd hard by,
And he is gone to bring her here to lie.

Stat. They are agreed then, and I so undone,
I shall no more joy in our god the Sun. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Perdiccas *and* Leonatus.

Perd. Have you yet spoke with any who have seen
This *Amazon*, the fair and famous Queen?

Leon. No, but here's *Ptolomy*, *Eumenes* too;
Now we shall know all which they say and do.

Enter Ptolomy *and* Eumenes.

Welcome, my Lords, from your new wondrous sight;
You may divert us now with your delight.

Ptol. We have beheld a Queen, fair, fierce and gay,
Who will make good what fame does of her say:
Her Women too, an Army brave and bold,
Look as they ne'r had been by foe control'd;
Their discipline exact, they keep their ranks,
Else we had been assaulted with love pranks,
For at this time of year, to procreate,
They seek out Males, whose Governments they hate:
For they not long endure to live with men,
But send them their male children back again.

Leon. Our Squadrons in Loves onsets soon will meet.

Eum. No, that the Queen prevents, she is discreet,
And has not follow'd their strange custom yet.

Ptol. Pride staid her for some Prince should *Heroes* get.

Eum. It may be so, but she will now appear,
With but few women to attend her here.

Enter

SCENE IV.

Enter Alexander *and Attendants at one door, and the* Amazon Queen *with* Hippolita *and* Amalthea *at the other.*

[*Attendants wait at distance.*

Thaleſt. You ſo oblig'd me, Sir, with your kind blanks,
That for your paſs I ſtaid not to give thanks:
The beſt ſecurity is him to truſt,
Who hath in Conqueſt been great, kind and juſt.
For though in fame you have out-rival'd me,
Ye ſhall not do't in generoſity.
Do what you will both with my Crown and me,
So we preſerve our ſexes liberty.

Alex. He who on earth no equal will endure,
To keep from you his freedom is not ſure.
Madam, you have not me alone outdone,
But all paſt Lawrels from both ſexes won.
That force which well-arm'd *Greece* could ſcarce ſubdue,
Was oft o'rthrown by nakedneſs and you.
But who could ſtrike that well-arm'd Iv'ry breaſt,
Or ſhun a dart ſhot from that eye, loves neſt?
It is no wonder if they were o'r-thrown,
Who were ſtruck blind with gazing on your Sun.
Madam, my envy you by this may ſee,
To leſſen all your matchleſs victory.
But women more muſt emulate your fame,
Who have ſo long preſerv'd a Virgin's name;
And in a Country teaching liberty,
When ſtricteſt rules ſcarce keep their chaſtity.

Thaleſt. Great King, it is my honour to maintain
My Countries Maxims not to be all vain:
We think it fitter we ſhould rule then you,
'Cauſe womens heirs muſt needs be always true.
No man will doubt my ſon is of my race,
But for yours, Sir, his mothers word muſt paſs.
Ye will have ſtore of Wives and Concubines,
And yet theſe too himſelf each man confines.
And ſo with feeble and diſtracted ſtrength,
You get ſuch heirs as cowards prove at length.
Our women chuſe men ſeeming young and ſtrong,
And if they cheated are, keep them not long;

By which their race is risen to that fame,
By always chusing Lads of noble flame.
This made me keep for you my person free,
Who's onely worthy to increase by me.
Wonder not, Sir, to hear a woman woe,
In loves wars we love active vertue too.

Alex. You fill my soul with wonder and delight,
Madam, we'l marry if you please this night.

Thaleſt. You use me ill to talk of marriage,
I scorn to be your tame bird in a cage:
If I would be your slave, I first must find
You have a body equal to your mind,
And not be ti'd unto I know not what,
Perhaps one impotent, or near to that.
There may be some defects found in me too,
Or your cloi'd fancy make some such to you.
You'd laugh at one should buy a brave cloath'd Steed,
And not once look if he be so indeed;
No, King, do not once think me to prefer,
To be till death your abject prisoner.
Did I not this for the world's custom know,
I'd fight you for dishonouring me now.

Alex. Fair Queen, excuse this, if a crime in me,
I should not rob you of just liberty.

Thaleſt. But it were in your power, and that's all one,
I'l have no Master for Companion.
If I would take the air, I first must know
If 't be fair weather in my husband's brow:
And all my dearest friends I must forswear,
Lest he should think they are to me too dear:
My fortune too is his, and I must be
Stinted in point of generosity.

Alex. But, Madam, where men rule, and you have none,
No other way secures succession.

Thaleſt. Yes, we too now will give a strict parol,
To be a year all one body and soul.
If in that time I chance to have a Boy,
Let it command that world which you enjoy:
But if a Girl, then it a Queen shall be
Of all the Female *Heroes* that are free.
And I will scorn till then any new flame,
So you will be engag'd unto the same.

Alex. Since parols should by Princes, like us too,
Be sacred kept, as any marriage vow,

I cannot

I cannot give mine, for it is confes'd,
My heart's by fair *Statira* prepoſſeſs'd;
And though I her ungrateful to me find,
Yet if ſhe in that time ſhould prove more kind,
I could not chuſe but give her equal ſhare
In him, who for this year you would not ſpare.
I ſwore too by our gods, and her Suns light
That in revenge I would marry this night.
But ſince I find my oath you ſcorn to ſave,
I'l honour with my bed my faireſt Slave.

Thaleſt. Since you have ſo inſlav'd your nobleſt part,
I ſhall not give you my unconquer'd heart.
And let your Slave poſſeſs your perſon too,
I ſcorn to have with half a man to do.

Alex. There's nothing now that can abate my grief,
But ſeeking in *Roxanna*'s charms relief. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Epheſtion *and* Roxanna.

Epheſt. Ah, Madam, I too ſoon ſhall be undone,
The *Macedons*, who worſhip not the Sun,
Will all be bowing to your brighter noon;
For our great King to love you hath begun.

Rox. I have not vanity this to believe,
But you would try whether I joy or grieve.

Epheſt. By all the gods 'tis true, he does intend
To wooe and marry 'fore this day doth end;
Your father's ſent for to make all things ſure,
For no denials will the King endure.
But I could bear all loſſes, baniſhment,
Dwell with thee in a Cave this to prevent,
Follow thee like a ſhadow every where,
For nothing is like thee to me ſo dear.

Rox. Epheſtion may ſtill enjoy my heart,
And yet not grudge ſo brave a friend a part.

Epheſt. 'Tis with us all in love as in a Throne,
Better not rule at all then not alone.
And ſince my friendſhip to my King is due,
That muſt o'r-come ſelf-love in yielding you.
And if you ſho'd for me loſe ſuch a Crown,
I ſhould your int'reſt prize leſs then my own.

Rox. *Epheſtion* will ſtill be generous,
Epheſt. And you, I ſee, with eaſe digeſt his loſs. [*aſide.*

Enter Leonatus.

Leon. Madam, your greatneſs muſt not drive us flies
From buzzing near the light of your fair eyes.
Rox. Sir, your wiſh'd preſence ſtill will me invite
To chearfulneſs of heart, and much delight.
The King ſhall have all which to him I owe,
But friendſhip may among you freely flow. [*they whiſper.*
Epheſt. Kind eyes and cheerful ſmiles to him are fret,
But ſhe pays cold civility to me. [*aſide.*
She once did tell me I had every grace,
Which ſhe now finds in his young blooming face.
But like a houſe that's in ſome Town on fire,
She burns me down, and then the next that's nigh her;
Freſh fuel gives new heat and new deſire,
Till 'gainſt ſome breaſt of ſtone her flame expire.
Madam, your ſoul departs, and my love dies, [*to* Roxanna.
But 'mongſt the living I muſt ſeek kind eyes.
Rox. In this your friendly ſympathy I ſee,
If you love nothing long, you are like me.
Epheſt. You cann't love much, if you do not love long.
For (like fair blooming Trees) time makes love ſtrong:
And ſhe who has a fancy always new,
Won't be to others more then her ſelf true.
Rox. But reaſon will and duty ſhun all ill.
Epheſt. No, they are great complyers with our will:
If reaſon ſwey'd, 'twould chuſe well, and like ſtill.
But ſince my friendſhip you not yet releaſe,
When I the King ſee, I ſhall hold my peace;
For though his friendſhip moſt deſerves to fway,
I muſt not other friends to him betray.
But none would marry for a carcaſe left,
When he ſhall ſoon be of your love bereft.
Rox. You do deſerve from all your friends eſteem,
I ſhall keep that for you, and faith to him.
For ſince 'tis womens honour to be chaſte,
Pride, which is call'd a vice, ſhall keep me faſt.
And I the gods am taught too to obey,
Whoſe will is, that my Country's Rites ſhould ſway.
Epheſt. To them I leave you, for the King, I know,
Is all alone, I muſt attend him now. [*Exit* Epheſtion.
Rox. My friends my confidence ſhall always be, [*to* Leonatus.
And till the King makes love I may be free.

I tell

I tell you then, that this *Ephestion*
Would have ingrost me to himself alone:
But that the King himself shall never do,
If he will not be true as I am too.
You cann't but know by this my confidence,
That of your youth and love I have a sense.
Yet I had marri'd great *Ephestion*,
But for the splendour of the wide world's Throne;
Though I love you next my ambition.

Leon. That makes me happier then any Crown.

Rox. But if my Gallant you should ever be,
Think not to make me your Monopoly;
I (if I please) will each day have a new,
And yet expect you should to me be true;
For if each Lover calls himself a slave,
Then sure lov'd Queens this as their due may crave.

Leon. Your power may much, your beauty more impose,
But few men love a gather'd wither'd Rose;
Much change will waste your beauty and your fire,
And like the dead, the dull can't move desire.
But, Madam, I'l not quit so great a feast,
For fear of meeting an unwelcome guest.

Rox. But shall I keep you to my self alone?

Leon. Yes, if no beauty else will love but one.
But such a Saint, like heirs legitimate,
Will claim more love then any bastard brat.

Rox. This I from you alone will yet endure,
Till you of such a woman shall be sure.

Leon. Ah, that, alas, I know I ne'r shall be.

[*Rox.* Then you must never dare leave loving me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Perdiccas *and* Eumenes *at one door, and* Hippolita *and* Amalthea *at the other.*

Perd. The Queen and you, fair Ladies, seeming friends,
By firing of our Camp will gain your ends.
But though our foes by smart use to breed rage,
Your darts by conquest choller do asswage:
For at your feet my arms I shall lay down, [*to* Hippolita.
So you will please to take me for your own.

Hip. Sir, you believe we *Amazons* persue
Nothing but lust, and are to no man true;

But we have as much honour as your wives,
Though we will not be slaves for all our lives.
Your marriages are but a strict parole,
Which we give him who loves without control;
But in a year if we not procreate,
He's like an Almanack that's out of date.
You'd tie us too impossibility,
To love men still chang'd to deformity.

Perd. No, Madam, I will love at your own rate;
But shall be griev'd when I grow out of date.

Hip. Before I love you, Sir, I first must know,
If you are free from all engagements now;
And if you ne'r with woman broke your word.

Amal. A dangerous question she now hath stur'd.

Enm. Such as perhaps might puzzle all mankind,
But those who are by fatal love confin'd.

Hip. By your disorder, Sir, I do perceive,
That I shall have no cause you to believe.

Perd. Madam, I am like others of my sex.

Hip. Then pray no more me with love stories vex.
For I to you and all men bid adieu,
Till one so tri'd makes me believe he's true.
For none should friendship have or ought to do
With him whose false to Love and Honour too.

Amal. We *Amazons* are faithful for our year,
But would have all of him who's then our dear:
For we do scorn to be by more defil'd,
Since we must no man cheat with a false child;
And therefore to avoid temptation,
We take the surest way, to live alone,
And that we think is more security
Then your wives give you, though they are less free. [*Exeunt several ways.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Alexander *leading* Roxanna.

Alex. Fair Maid, thy beauty so deserves a Crown,
That I am come to offer thee my own.

Rox. I wish, Sir, I *Statira's* charms possess'd,
To be in you more then in Empire bless'd.

Alex. 'Tis true, I lov'd the sweetness of her face,
As of a kind soul it the Index was:

But finding her ingratitude and scorn,
I thought those looks but borrow'd to adorn:
And no such cheating picture me can move,
When once the woman cann't deserve my love.
Rox. But if she should repent and grow more kind,
The same rays would again then strike you blind.
Alex. No, she will hardly bring me to believe
The gods will at her age new nature give.
And I do find thee full, as she, of light,
And all the fairest blossoms, red and white;
As full of graces and sweet lovely air,
To give extremes of love and of despair.
Rox. Sir, your Majestick person, and each word,
Like lightning wounds, as quick as does your sword;
Else it would shame a Maid to be so soon
By any thing but your sole glories wone.
But when so mean a Maid you deign to woe,
That honour binds her soon to yield to you.
My father, whom your Majesty commands,
May, when you please, Sir, joyn our hearts and hands.
Alex. Oh, my *Roxanna*, I did never know
What 'twas to be a Conquerer till now.
Unto the Temple therefore we'l make haste,
And in this joy drown all my triumphs past.

[*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Statira *and* Cleona.

Stat. I Long to know what I the most should shun,
What these great Princes since they met have done.
Cleon. Madam, you should not be inquisitive
To know that which too soon will make you grieve.
Stat. Ah, it is better death's last stroke to bear,
Then in suspense too long a dying fear.
Cleon. Then, Madam, know, all to the Temple go,
Where they believe the King will marry now.
Stat. Can he so soon forget his vows to me,
To love me best unto eternity?
Cleon. No, Madam, he's but to another fountain gone,
To seek relief when you afforded none.

But if you e'r moſt amiable were,
The loſs of that you are too young to fear.
But love's a fever, makes men mad like wine,
And none ſhould them to raving oaths confine.

Stat. Thou talk'ſt as if we all like children were,
To love thoſe baubles which do gay appear;
But if that were the truth, I know not why
He ſhould not find many as fair as I.
But in our ſouls ſuch differences he'l find,
As 'tis 'twixt tyrants and friends that are kind.

Cleon. May I not doubt, if this brave King ſhould be
From full blown youth chang'd to deformity,
Whether your ſoul would not be more at eaſe,
When this child's trifle beauty could not pleaſe?

Stat. No, for the picture of his ſoul his face
In my heart ſtampt will ſtill be what it was:
For as we do behold the bleſs'd Sun's light
With joy and wonder, ſo when it is night,
Our memories that object cannot loſe,
Though clouds for many years ſhould interpoſe;
Nor do we in his light moſt pleaſure find,
His warmth and wondrous works beſt fill each mind.
But yet the inward fountain is 'bove all,
Of love and juſtice, whence all good doth fall.
And ſo the glories of the King do bind
All worthy ſouls to be for ever kind.

Cleon. When you vouchſafe to let the King know this,
Again he'l love you at his greateſt bliſs.

Stat. Think you *Statira* then will ſtoop to take
Him, whom a haughty Queen her right does make?
No; if my ſorrows cannot make me die,
I'l pine away in *Dian*'s Nunnery.

Cleon. But can nooth'ers merit equal his,
Whoſe change might you revenge for what's amiſs?

Stat. None can *Statira* tempt without a Crown,
And ſuch a Prince the whole world does not own;
Nor ſuch a man do I believe, alaſs,
Is to be found, or perhaps ever was:
But if there were, by him my heart's ſo fill'd,
It can no room to other figures yield. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Thaleſtris *and her* Amazons.

Hip. We have been lucky Leaders in your Wars,
And long your faithful Privy Counſellers;
This may us licenſe freely now to ſpeak,
When you the publick Rites ſuſpend or break.
Your great aſſembly will condemn us all
For our ill counſel, if we do not call
Upon you, to ſecure ſucceſſion,
That Civil Wars may not deſtroy your Crown.

Thaleſt. I am your Queen, and ſure ſhould be as free
As you, or thoſe of my great Council be.

Amal. But, Madam, we for common good obey:
And if to other ends your ſelf you ſway,
Though we will ſtill be for good Subjects known,
We may attempt a reformation.

Thaleſt. As you treat me, others will you reform,
And ſo beget nothing but ſtorm on ſtorm;
For if from ſworn obedience you fall
In any caſe, others will do't in all.
But it is well you paſt deſerts do plead,
Elſe each of you might chance to loſe a head.
Who treads not on firſt ſparks of mutiny,
Deſerves in their deflowring flames to die.
But boldly ſpeak what 'tis you would redreſs.

Hip. Your coyneſs to mankind we wiſh were leſs:
For we have beg'd you us with heirs would bleſs:
But you would ſtay for this great King of all,
And now for trifles you will from him fall.
Be pleas'd to take him whilſt he's to be had,
Or elſe we'l chuſe for you as bold a lad.
For we'l turn impudent for publick good,
To chuſe a *Hero* full of ſprightly bloud.
And all we dream'd of regulation,
Was but a rape on you with ſuch a one.

Thaleſt. If enemies and rebels we deſtroy,
Who by invaſion our lands annoy,
Think what you all ſhould feel without remorſe,
Who ſhould our perſon once attempt by force.
My Senate will not certain War begin,
But to prevent one doubtfully fore-ſeen;

And their posterity will find me kind,
To value above strength the bravest mind;
And none can match mine, who is born to serve,
Less then a Prince your Queen can ne'r deserve.
And if without an heir death me does call,
Trust to the gods, they will provide for all.

Amal. Think you then, Madam, this King may not have
Subjects, who are in love and hate as brave;
If they, like him, in war defi'd their fate,
They'l show such ardor when they'd procreate.
Whilst you so famous for destruction,
Fail in more god-like generation.

Thalest. Some few may merit fame as well as he,
But cann't make it appear that such they be:
And they whose vertues are to us unknown,
Can be but valu'd as if they had none.
They have but follow'd deeds which he design'd,
And acted with bold hands and braver mind.
Power does make Princes aim what's to be done,
But Subjects think but whom they wait upon;
Their blood and breeding does give virtue too,
Or pride at least, which makes them bravely do.
And that does hold up 'gainst my self this strife,
Who willinger would give then take a life.
Think not your Queen ill-natur'd then, and dull,
I love a man as well as you to th' full.

Hip. You cann't; alas, you want experience
How such good nature does affect the sense.
For who but you would starve at a great feast,
'Cause she could not ingross the dish that's best.

Thalest. To end dispute, this King, as the bright Sun,
Obscures his *Heroes* like the Stars at noon:
And when the gayest of them I do see,
I have no sense but sorrow 'tis not he.
But when I do reflect I am not she
Whom he adores, but others more then me,
I loath him more then the best Wine's grown dead,
Or those from whom all gratitude is fled.

Amalth. 'Tis strange that you should love and loath him too.

Thalest. And yet 'tis certain that I both must do.
Nature and justice give all love to him,
But his defects with scorn I disesteem.
So that I shall for him a Virgin die,
Which on your lives conceal as infamy:

For with my people great will be the ſlain,
That with this *Macedon* I have not lain.
Diſpute not my commands, ye muſt obey;
All who are mine my will muſt do and ſay.
Hip. But there is yet a King that is unbroke,
The brave young *Porus* yields not to this yoke:
Your love upon this *Indian* beſtow.
And if the *Perſians* joyn with you too,
You may this dreadful neighbour give a grave,
Or have him at your feet your humble ſlave.
Theſt. Honour to this exploit would me ſoon call,
But that loves Magick does ſurmount it all.
To make *Statira* take that King I'l try,
That might make *Alexander* true to me:
But I can never be his enemy,
Nor can they others love who him once ſee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Statira *and* Cleona, *as walking on the River bank.*

Stat. Behold, *Cleona*, theſe ſweet flowery banks,
And all theſe green-plum'd trees waiting in ranks,
Able to guard me from the fiery Sun;
Yet one man's lightning through my heart does run.
And this fair ſtream runs murmuring away,
Knowing no water can my flames allay,
And with neglect it ſo by me does paſs,
As it would ſay, She is not what ſhe was.
And all theſe ſweet and bluſhing flowery beds,
With grief and ſhame for me hang down their heads:
Theſe, freſh and gay, are faint and dull to me,
'Cauſe nothing can be fair and ſweet but he.
Theſe birds, whoſe notes would once have ſeem'd ſo choice,
Now tell me there's no muſick but his voice.
Cleon. Think not of him, or if you muſt think too,
How he left you, and is anothers now.
Stat. There's nothing elſe is worth the thinking on,
Without it be the gods themſelves alone:
And they on me this puniſhment have laid,
'Cauſe my thoughts moſt from them to him have ſtraid.
But for our ſins they left us in diſtreſs,
Which *Alexander* kindly did redreſs.

But that relief, just gods, to you we owe,
And I but love one fair and kind as you.
I am but guilty by your destiny;
If not, I beg of you my liberty.
Here I will kneel, and unto *Dian* pray,
To give me like her Nymphs thoughts chaste as they.

Enter the Amazon *Queen alone from Hunting, disguis'd with a Head-piece, who is mistaken for* Diana.

Cleon. Madam, the goddess does to you appear,
She makes me tremble, who your heart will cheer.
Stat. Great Queen, who dost deserve mankind to sway
By night, though greater power o'r-rules the day;
Thou who dost lend us light when most distress'd,
And giv'st thy rest to innocents oppress'd:
Free a heart, long enthral'd by fate to one,
And as thy Nymph, make me love thee alone.
} Statira *vail'd, prays to the supposed* Diana.

Thaleſt. Hunting's no more diversion to me, [*aside.*
This woman scorns some Husband's tyranny;
And all such female worthies we must free.
Thou from thy griefs a quick relief shalt find,
And I, as thy own wishes, will be kind.
But talk not that thou wilt love none but me,
Thou shalt enjoy the man best pleaseth thee.
But I must leave thee now, do not deplore,
When we two meet again thou shalt know more.
But where thou lov'st and art belov'd again,
Do not 'gainst nature there prolong thy pain. [*Exit* Thaleſtris.

Stat. This above measure is miraculous.
Cleon. The gods do love, and lovers will not cross.
Thaleſt. Sometimes they do, but are to men so free,
To warrant by our Laws Poligamy.
Can it without consuming rage be known
To me, each time he sooths the *Amazon*;
And shall his warmth keep her from Winter air,
And I not freeze that while with cold despair?
In love and friendship it is too well known,
They are but half friends who have more then one:
And all who are true lovers like to me,
Dread such a friend more then an enemy.
Cleon. Though you were obstinate both to withstand
Your Country's love, and Mother's wise command:
Yet how the gods would have you wed this King,
Do not by your delays fresh vengeance bring.

Stat.

Stat. I know not what to do, I am ſo torn
By love and honour, jealouſie and ſcorn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Alexander, Roxanna *and Attendants from the Temple.*

Alex. Our loves, *Roxanna*, are not equal ſure,
I am ſo full of joy, you ſo demure.
Rox. Condemn not, Sir, a Virgin's baſhfulneſs,
Who ſhould not to the world her love expreſs.
Alex. Your ſex does call diſſembling modeſty;
And in your very looks from truth you flie.
Rox. But we have more then you, Sir, in our hearts,
We make not to new love ſuch fickle ſtarts.
Alex. Our power has taught you more diſcretion,
You can conceal what vainly we make known.
But I loſe time. He who's poſſeſs'd of thee,
And has ſuch ripe fruit bluſhing on the tree,
And will not gather it whilſt it is light,
Does but one ſenſe to a great feaſt invite.
Rox. Sir, you ought firſt to entertain your gueſts.
Alex. But I love Cherries beſt before our feaſts.
I who the world's example ought to be,
Won't tye my youth to old formality.
Who would keep cas'd a Jewel that is bright,
And open it in darkneſs of the night?
Come lovely Excellence, let us with-draw.
Rox. I would diſpute, Sir, but your will's my law. [*Exeunt* Alexander *and* Roxanna.

Manent Epheſtion, Perdiccas, Leonatus.

Leon. I ne'r repin'd that I a King was not,
Till ours ſo ſoon this paradiſe had got.
Epheſt. He has as much as ſenſe can feaſt upon,
If ſhe continue kind, and his alone.
Perd. If ſhe does not, he will as happy live,
For what men know not, they can never grieve.
Epheſt. But he that's rob'd, or for true coin does get
That in exchange which is but counterfeit,
A loſer is, though he not miſs his ſtore,
It muſt be granted that he is more poor.
When love (the ſoul of love) from woman's gone,
She's dull as tir'd Steeds are to travel on.

But of all cous'nage, the worſt we know
Is, when our children are falſe coined too,
That both their forms and humours make us ſee,
That more like other men then us they be.
Leon. I, when I wed, for theſe ills ſhall prepare,
And be reveng'd elſe-where as others are.
Perd. But let us all go counſel *Ptolomie*,
Who to the fighting Queen a ſlave will be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Eumenes *and* Amalthea.

Amalth. When we met laſt, your friend ſhew'd mine reſpect,
But you inſtead of love paid me neglect.
As I a ſtranger am, you ſhould pretend
To think me handſome, and wiſh ſuch a friend
Civility bids you diſſemble ſo;
And where you praiſe, you ought a warmth to ſhow.
'Tis not that I do beg your courtſhip now,
But to ſhow you, I mens good breeding know.
Eum. 'Tis the worſt breeding, Madam, her to chear,
Who may pay me a true for a falſe heat.
Can I for ſhame ſet a friend's houſe on fire,
And then in unquench'd flames let her expire.
No, Madam, to ſuch Ladies, fair and brave,
I always ſpeak leſs kindneſs then I have.
Amalth. Since you aver, Sir, that you think me fair,
Your manly ſoul ſecures me from deſpair:
And therefore ſince we frankly do avow
To do all things which gallant men dare do,
I can, without ſuſpecting it a crime,
Tell you, I find for you love and eſteem.
And this we never think our ſelves below,
Becauſe we ſtill on merit love beſtow.
No fool, or coward, or ought elſe that's baſe,
Muſt ſtain a noble *Amazon*'s great race.
Eum. Who could reſiſt ſuch merit, and thoſe eyes,
But he whoſe heart's another woman's prize?
My ſoul to one like you I pawn'd away,
And ſuch a beauty I muſt not betray.
Though your great worth with hers does much contend,
Yet we owe all to our firſt worthy friend.

Did

Did you but know my grief and my reſpect,
You would not think my deſtiny neglect.
Amalth. Sir, your juſt ſenſe of honour does improve
My great eſteem, and with it too my love:
But if I find it grow to ſervitude,
My ſenſe of liberty may make me rude.
For I am bound fairly my love to kill,
Rather then be a ſubject to man's will.
Eum. Can you that faith chaſtiſe which you eſteem,
And your known honour make of mine a crime?
Amalth. No, my own guilty breaſt I firſt will wound,
'Fore love ſhall honour rooted there confound. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter the Amazon *Queen and* Ptolomy.

Ptol. Madam, of all the Princes of the bloud,
Though they admire you both as fair and good,
There's none would quit all women elſe like me,
To wear your fetters till you ſet me free.
Thaleſt. You Princes are but a King's vaſſails ſtill,
And muſt obey his rules more then my will.
And humble ſouls do habits get ſo low,
That they beget ſuch thoughts in children too.
Ptol. But, Madam, if I ſhould a King's ſon be,
He might beget his own great thoughts in me:
And for King *Philip*'s ſon 'tis ſaid I'm known,
Though whilſt he liv'd another did me own.
But this, fair Queen, with you will loſe no grace,
That I was born out of a wedlock race.
Thaleſt. No, you for that would have more favour ſeen,
If ſhe that bore you had ſprung from a Queen:
For with a kind and ſprightly liberty,
They meet by natures choice whoſe ſouls are free:
Whilſt marri'd fools, like Curs in couples ti'd,
Would fain be running where they are deni'd.
But each hates other as an enemy,
For checking a more grateful ſympathy;
And ſo with dull and froward thoughts they get
Babes like themſelves, fit to ſubmit and fret.
Ptol. This makes me proud of what the world calls ſhame.
I value yours more then the whole earths fame;

It gives me hopes you will to me be kind,
And pay my love as you its greatneſs find.
Thaleſt. Know, in my thoughts a Queen is more above
The braveſt and the higheſt ſubjects love,
Then yours is from the meaneſt drudge you have,
Who may change Maſters if ſhe's not a ſlave:
But you cann't quit your duty without ſcorn
To any Prince whoſe ſubject you are born.
More talk of love then will be an affront,
And if you offer't, we muſt fight upon't:
But if you then prevail you will be free
To uſe your right of conqueſt over me.
Ptol. To hurt what moſt we love is ſo amiſs,
That neither fame nor prize can tempt to this.
Thaleſt. To give you farther ſatisfaction,
Know, I your King ſo kindly look upon,
That though his love has him a ſubject made,
And ſo, unfit my free ſoul to invade;
Yet his great graces makes you all to ſeem
Natures rough draughts, when you are ſet by him.
Ptol. Then though I burn, I muſt complain no more,
Although the gods allow us to adore. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Alexander *and* Epheſtion.

Epheſt. Sir, your felicity in love's as high
As fame, may both laſt ſo until you die.
Alex. Ah, my *Epheſtion*, I did quickly find
Nothing was more then my *Roxanna* kind:
Her skin like ſnowie ſattin, ſoft and white,
All beauties plump, and ſwelling with delight;
As freſh and ſweet as is her ſpring of years,
Which ought to give me joys unmix'd with fears.
And yet I cannot be without much doubt,
That ſhe may have ſome cankers at the root;
For very ſoon ſhe yielded me her heart,
And now ſeems not unpractis'd in love's art:
Her kindneſs too appears a little cloy'd,
As if love's ſweets were loſt if once enjoy'd.
Epheſt. 'Tis certain, Sir, that appetite we get
By faſts, is loſt by choice of rareſt meat.

Alex.

Alex. But then our ſtomacks make a quick return:
Love's flames (though dampt) ſhould never quite out burn.
Epheſt. No more will hers, Sir, if you give her time,
Since both are lovely, and in your youths prime.
But I ſuſpect, for all her beauty's ſtore,
You love her perſon leſs now then before.
Alex. The truth is, ſhe is but a woman now,
But was divine before I her did know:
And ſhe ſhows craft and pride too in her ſoul,
Urges that I *Statira* would controul,
Becauſe ſhe waits not on her preſent ſtate;
So ſoon forgets ſhe what ſhe was of late:
And 'cauſe I that great Princeſs will leave free,
She breaks out into rage and jealouſie.
But ſince the beauties of her ſoul do fail,
A face will hardly all my love entail.
Epheſt. Like Quartain Agues, Sir, *Statira* lies,
Ready to ſeize you ſpight of remedies.
Alex. My love of her did with eſteem begin,
And is not loſt like thoſe fancie-lets in.
For ſhe was always wiſe, ſincere and kind
To all but me, whoſe miſchiefs ſhe did find.
But her chief care was ſtill of the diſtreſs'd,
But above all, of thoſe did merit beſt,
Would hear from any man all his pretence,
Yet gave to none a private audience;
As if ſhe knew that no companion
Was worthy of her but the gods alone.
And to this worth a face none could withſtand,
For it doth both perſuade love, and command.
Epheſt. You in your fit refreſhing drink did take,
And yet your Ague you will burn and ſhake.
Alex. No, ſince *Statira* did give me deſpair,
I look on her as diſtant Stars i' th' air. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Statira *and* Cleona *after her.*

Cleon. Madam, the Queen of *Amazons* is near.
Stat. Muſt ſhe have ſmiles who rob'd me of my dear?
Enter the Queen of Amazons.
Madam, your viſits do prevent your due,
You honour'd firſt the King, and now me too.

Thaleſt.

Thaleſt. To your afflicted houſe, Madam, I owe
More of reſpect then I can pay it now;
But 'tis but very lately I can own
That I have had for you compaſſion.
The King who was our cauſe of enmity,
Will teach us now the wiſdom to agree.
Stat. Now you have all you wiſh, you may comply,
And ſince I care not for him, ſo will I. [*She ſighs.*
Thaleſt. That look and ſigh ſhew you have ſome concern.
Lovers each other quickly will diſcern.
'Tis true, I have my wiſh, for be it known,
I ſcorn your ſervant for companion;
And nothing with a man to do will have,
Who makes himſelf a ſlave unto his ſlave.
Stat. This tyranny of yours does much exceed,
You are a Queen, but of the rudeſt breed;
Elſe great *Darius* daughter would not have
No better title from you then a ſlave.
If I did love, muſt you upbraid me too,
Now you poſſeſs the man you came to wooe?
Well, triumph then, but pray be pleas'd to know,
You have but him, to whom I would not bow.
Thaleſt. By heaven ſhe mocks me, 'cauſe I had a ſlight.
Ah, that thou wert a Rival who durſt fight.
Stat. Were not the King my Countries enemy,
Perhaps love might have made me fight with thee.
Thaleſt. Now it is plain ſhe is as mad as I, [*aſide.*
Our jars, I ſee, have too much ſympathy;
And it is poſſible ſhe may not know,
That we a common enemy have now.
I am not, Madam, Queen of *Macedon*,
What I declin'd, *Roxanna* has put on,
And it was her whom I did call a ſlave,
And not a Princeſs known ſo great and brave.
Stat. Ah, I to ſee this day have been accurſt,
Of all misfortunes this was far the worſt.
Muſt ſhe ſit pearching then on Honours Throne,
Whoſe greatneſs is diſſimulation?
Muſt her bewitching beauty fill his arms,
With her hypocriſie and deviliſh charms?
Good gods, let not her pride and craft out-grow
That virtue, which has govern'd us till now.
Let your own goodneſs be the Court-mode ſtill,
And not ſuch crimes as contradict your will.

And

And you, brave Queen, pardon my rudeneſs paſt,
Our fortunes are too like for hate to laſt.
Thaleſt. Though Rivals of all foes have moſt diſlike,
Thoſe moſt ſhould pleaſe us who our ſelves are like:
And as in love, we may agree in hate,
And our neglected love revenge with fate.
If you would marry the young *Indian* King,
His arms your ſubjects new relief might bring,
And we might ſee our common enemies
Below our hate, fit onely to deſpiſe.
Stat. Madam, this match would be more fit for you,
Whoſe force and conduct we ſo well do know.
Thaleſt. But wedlock bonds againſt our cuſtoms are.
Stat. But yet you might at leaſt begin the war:
For your ſucceſs incouragement muſt give
To thoſe now us'd in ſervitude to live.
Thaleſt. We are too weak, without your Subjects move,
And your match onely can ſtir up their love.
Stat. This Queen would rid one Rival out o' th' way. [*aſide.*
Madam, ſhall I have your aſſiſtance? pray
Anſwer me now with generoſity,
Like a brave Queen, who hates and ſcorns a lie.
Thaleſt. Madam, you ſo conjure me, you muſt know,
That I can not be *Alexander*'s foe.
But to a brave revenge I you would ſtir,
Becauſe more injuries your honour ſpur.
Stat. You would deceive, and not diſſemble now,
And that's a nice diſtinction you know.
Yet both your love and generoſity
This your defect makes me more plainly ſee.
But your great love begets effects of hate,
You are no friend where you would foes create.
But you can never hatred ſtir in me,
For he's as brave a friend as enemy.
Thaleſt. Then like weak Princes we'l have amity,
Until our foe *Roxanna* lower lie.
Stat. And if our int'reſts us do then divide,
We will eſteem, though love muſt be deni'd. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Part.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Roxanna, Hesione *and* Leonatus.

Rox. WAit without there, and if a stranger come,
Give speedy notice, and then stay i' th' room.
Hes. My Lady's wise, will never be alone, [*aside.*
But with the man she likes, and that unknown.
Leon. From the excess of love, Madam, I find
That malice springs. I wish the King unkind,
For then your ebbing love to me would flow:
For we all to some living Idol bow.
Rox. 'Tis not excess of love to seek your own
Delight, before my satisfaction.
But you may love as well as any do,
And I no more ought to expect from you.
But though I find that wedlock is to me
The bane of love, as 'tis of liberty;
Yet safely to my pride the King may trust,
Till I'm convinc'd that he's to me unjust.
Leon. Madam, our Laws do not injustice call
The change of women, in us men at all:
And clear convictions can not be had,
By which I see I shan't be happy made.
Rox. Though Law makes man the greater libertine,
Yet since the King profess'd he was all mine,
My parol was with that condition,
To love as long as he lov'd me alone:
But if I frequent visits once shall see
To any woman, he's condemn'd by me.
By this, you see, my confidence does prove
Great as, I think, your honour and your love.
Leon. Madam, I you adore, and the gods pray
To send you soon an heir the world to sway:
But since I long for the great treat must fast,
May not your lips give me a kind repast?
Rox. What meaner women in salutes bestow,
Queens, if they please, in private sure may do. [*They kiss.*
And were you false, you durst not me betray,
Since this our freedom death alike would pay.

Enter

Enter Alexander *disguised.*

Alex. Though I alone came hither in disguise,
That I *Roxanna*'s women might surprize,
And am inform'd her Gallants many were,
And now by spies know *Leonatus* here:
Yet for distrust I shall want some pretence,
If I not find them now giving offence. } *He spies them kiss, and*
Oh hell and furies! I too much do see. } *draws his sword.*

Leon. Who ere thou art, with death I'l punish thee.

Alex. That thou maist bravely end this fatal strife,
Know, thou fight'st for thy own and for her life. [*He puts off his disguise.*
Thy injur'd King thou art now bound to kill,
Or else the ax thy Mistress bloud will spill.

Leon. Hold, Sir, I can with ease resign my breath,
Rather then give your sacred person death.

Alex. My fame thou would'st have murder'd, why not me?

Leon. That's onely lost by the discovery.

Alex. But wilt thou basely let thy Mistress fall?

Leon. No, that I cann't endure, then have at all.
But hold, Sir, you my Country's father are,
Preserv'd its peace, and gave us fame in war;
Your death the world's division would breed,
And all my friends by my hand shall not bleed.
But though your favours are to me unknown,
My duty and my honour are all one. [*Throws down his sword.*

Alex. Thou art, young man, so honest and so brave,
That I relent, and thee from death will save.

Leon. That mercy, Sir, in vain to me you show,
Unless you god-like give the Queen it too.
This dagger her revenge on me shall take, [*He draws a dagger.*
If she must feel deaths mischief for my sake.

Rox. Virtue, which I esteem'd till now as art,
By these examples seizes on my heart.
Hold, *Leonatus*, if for me you die, [*She draws a poniard.*
Know, you will give me death immediately.
Thy honour is as lovely as thy love,
And both together hearts of stone would move.

Alex. I do conjure thee on thy honour now,
Tell me, if thou as woman her did know?

Leon. If I had don't, racks should not make me tell,
But being clear I may forswear it well:
By all the gods I never did receive
A favour before that you saw me give.

And if the wicked will fight for the lie,
Though they dare boast all other villany,
I would not cheat your goodness so to save
All that is dearest from a certain grave.

Alex. Then I give thee thy life, but be it known,
That this base Queen to *Susa* must be gone,
And to my Palace shall be there confin'd,
Without strict guards, to shew I am not kind.
But if a man to her apartment come,
My spies will know't, and it shall be her doom.
You, *Leonatus*, shall have banishment,
Though on a seeming message you are sent.
And thus to bury shame I am enforc'd,
And for that reason will not be divorc'd.
Besides, my fruit may now grow in her womb,
And I would not give my own heir a tomb.

Leon. If I cann't fight for you, I'll learn to pray.

Rox. But I have nothing for my self to say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Statira *sick, and* Cleona.

Stat. 'Tis a hard choice the gods permit me have,
To be *Roxanna's* partner or her slave:
The goddess after death meant my content,
And its approach tells me 'twas that she meant:
She bid me not my miseries deplore:
When we meet 'mongst the Stars she'l tell me more.

Cleon. But she forbid prolonging of love's pain.

Stat. By that, alas, she meant my death again;
And there's no mean, I cann't be more undone,
Then not to have him to my self alone.
If the King yet for me does flames endure,
'Tis by my death the goddess meant his cure.
And yet I shall a strange repugnance find,
To leave *Roxanna* with him here behind;
That will above sure poison all my joys,
But here the sight of it much more destroys.
But I am dead to him already sure,
Or sickness else one visit would procure.
But that which most of all my soul does fret,
To keep him hence she'l call me counterfeit.

Cleon. But if you ſhould behold the King again,
I fear you would afreſh ſhew your diſdain.
Stat. There's nothing gives me greater cauſe to grieve,
Then that I know not how I can forgive;
Nor can I e'r endure he ſhould be mine,
Whilſt this falſe Serpent does about him twine.

Enter Alexander *alone.*

Alex. I ſhould not dare behold you, Madam, more,
Were't not my crimes and your ills to deplore,
Which, ſince my tears may be misunderſtood,
I could be glad to waſh off with my bloud.
All I can hope for is, that you'l forgive,
And without that, by Heaven I will not live.
Stat. All wrongs I muſt forgive, though not forget,
That without blots my evening Sun may ſet.
Alex. Dark not your ſky with thundring clouds at all,
Nor let my youth by love or honour fall:
Why ſhould my *Dian* with her cold beams blaſt
Him, who to quench offenſive flames made haſte.
Stat. If higheſt anger does all Princes move
Againſt their rebels, what are thoſe to love?
Eſpecially when they not onely ſlight
Their duty, but a foreiner invite:
And all this onely 'cauſe you found me true
Unto that honour courted ſo by you.
Alex. Condemn not ſtarving men, who ſhift for food,
When charity's deni'd by thoſe moſt good.
But to no chryſtal Nymph I e'r had run,
Had I not been o'r-ſcorch'd by your bright noon.
Since then your influence begot that rage,
Pity thoſe wounds you gave and ſhould aſſwage;
For none but the ſame power can eaſe that pain,
Which we from fires celeſtial do gain.
Stat. Roxanna's Phyſick ſure can cure you now,
Elſe we too ſhan't conſult of it you know.
Alex. Roxanna is like flowers or pictures fair,
But has not your ſincere majeſtick air;
Her eyes like Comets blaze and fright the ſenſe
With her uncertain dreadful influence:
Yours, full of your bright ſoul, command love more,
And will enthrall when appetite gives o'r.
For ſhe as much in mind differs from you,
As choiſeſt Airs from the worſt Diſcords do.

Stat.

Stat. But since you thought me fit to be her slave,
Let me retire obscurely to my grave.
Alex. You wound my heart, fair Princess, with your words,
Worse then your world of friends could with their swords.
Roxanna by divorce should you obey,
If my repentance could to love make way.
And if you die, by all the gods I swear,
I will not stay a day behind you here.
Stat. This once believ'd must make impression,
Upon a heart like mine, that is not stone.
And since a Prince, so eminently great,
Must needs detest the baseness of a cheat.
I do confess I gratefully esteem
Him, whom I cannot love without a crime.
But yet I must needs say, I wonder now
What can absolve you from your late made vow:
If she has shew'd no infidelity,
Mistakes excuse not your inconstancy;
And where that vice in one is natural,
Love, truth, nor friendship can grow up at all.
Alex. To quit one shame another does advance,
I found her with a man in dalliance:
And she this day must from the Camp be sent,
To morrow he must go to banishment.
Stat. Roxanna, Sir, deserves my enmity,
Yet you must not be now divorc'd for me:
That were the worst of ills, the greatest shame,
'Twould both wound yours, and kill at once her fame.
Justice that punishment should not lay on,
Since her adultery's not clearly known:
And I could better bear Poligamie,
Then that you should commit a crime for me.
But though I lov'd like you, I ill could take
In honour him, who left me for her sake.
Alex. If you but knew the rage of my heart's pain,
You would forgive that crime acted again.
Stat. Ha! with my coyness I may be o'r-seen, [*aside.*
And turn his love upon the warlike Queen.
To own my love can't strain my modesty,
'Tis gratitude and due sincerity;
A noble tender heart's secur'd this way,
When we its flames with equal love repay.
Your love and merit, Sir, to me 's so known, [*To the King.*
I cann't but wish 'twere fit I were your own;

But

But this once said, I rudely must depart,
To blush that I could own so kind a heart.
Alex. So dying men surpriz'd with a reprieve,
Rejoyce as much as if assur'd to live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Eumenes *and* Hippolita *at several doors, they gaze.*

Eum. Can I at all, Madam, in this Court serve
You as I should, though not as you deserve?
Hip. No, Sir, I too much pride and plenty own,
E'r to receive an obligation:
I neither shall borrow nor yet receive,
But 'tis my glory, if you want, to give.
Eum. I had not any thought, Madam, so low,
As any present on you to bestow.
Hip. All courtesies are alike bribery,
And lessen a just debtors liberty.
But if my self I lend, and not bestow,
You take no more then what you give you know.
And I to your known worth will be so free,
As to be yours for a year, two or three.
Eum. Was ever any man in such distress,
Springing alone from too much happiness?
I had prevented you, Madam, and flown
Into your arms, had I been still my own.
But think what 'tis for just and loving souls,
To lose their fame by breaking their parols.
I have a Mistress whom I cann't forsake,
If death or falshood her from me don't take:
But if I lose her, by those eyes I vow,
My remnant life I'l give your friend and you.
Hip. Has she endeavour'd too, without success,
To undermine in you my happiness?
Eum. Madam, of her I nothing must confess.
Hip. Then it is time that I from you withdraw,
To consult Friendship's, Love's and Honour's Law:
But be assur'd I shall not you disturb,
Whilst you are ridden with another's curb.
Without you were amongst us absent and free,
Lent me by her, or sent on Embassie.
And I shall onely let her and you know,
I would give all my wealth to have you so. [*Exit* Hip. *and* Eum. *after her.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Alexander *and* Epheſtion.

Alex. I can now talk of nothing but my joy,
That my *Statira* is at laſt leſs coy.
Epheſt. Some part of Empire ſhe in you did loſe,
And jealouſie gives what love did refuſe.
Alex. No, on her tender heart long love has won,
But hers ſhe told me with confuſion.
But love did, like the Spring, her cheeks adorn,
And ſeem'd to thaw the Winter ice of ſcorn;
For it has ſhot new fire into my bloud,
Nothing but ſhe can now be fair and good;
Her kindneſs gives her ſoul perfection,
For it in one ſtream flowes to me alone;
And from my heart's ſea gratefully muſt run
Back to the Fountain where it firſt begun.
Epheſt. That your joys, Sir, more fruitfully may riſe,
With brisk wine ſwell them now into your eyes.
Alex. No, I no more will feed my raſhneſs ſo,
Reaſon ſhall ever guard my honour now.
But if my friends without and you will joyn,
And drink *Statira*'s health, pray call for wine. [*Exeunt.*

Enter again Epheſtion, Ptolomy, Perdiccas, *and a while after the Wine.*

Ptol. Come ſit, for I all ceremony hate,
Since freedom onely doth all mirth create.
Here, my *Epheſtion*, to thee firſt I'l drink,
And let each man now of his Miſtreſs think.
Epheſt. Then I will drink this to the fair unknown,
Deſerves all love. 'cauſe ſhe can love but one.
Perd. About with it, ſo great a rarity [*They kneel.*
Deſerves three bouls, and each man's bended knee.
Two good effects of wine I always find, [*They ſit.*
It ſtirs up mirth, and makes the good more kind.
Ptol. The dull by it do grow more eloquent,
And Poets ſo inſpir'd all things invent.
Perd. But this ſeems ſtranger then all yet that's told,
It changes natures, and makes cowards bold.
Ptol. Had the ſubdu'd in this been *Grecian*,
We had not their fam'd Empire ſo o'r-ran.

Epheſt.

Epheſt. Wine teaches us to value our ſelves ſo,
That our ſtrong confidence does all things do:
Elſe we could not impoſe a thing ſo groſs,
As making all but us the barbaros.
Ptol. But that we yet our wits may more refine, [*Drinks to* Epheſtion.
To the fair *Amazon* this boul of Wine.
Epheſt. She's drunk with pride, and that makes her as brave
As we in thought, when too much drink we have.
Ptol. Call not high ſenſe of honour in her pride.
Epheſt. I do believe thoſe two are ne'r alli'd.
Ptol. One gains eſteem, but th' other it does loſe.
Epheſt. Both have one cauſe, but ill effects abuſe.
It is ſelf-value makes men bravely do,
And makes ill men miſpriſe all others too.
Perd. Nay, if you do begin a long diſpute,
Our harmony your diſcords ſhall confute.
Let's have the Song that ſpeaks ſuch victory,
As Fame's Records will ne'r permit to die.

SONG.

GOod Wine give us heat to lie on the graſs.
God Bacchus *to thee*
We owe victory,
Thy fire did make us cold Rivers to paſs:
Our foes in their ranks
We beat from their banks,
And Grannick *did bluſh at our foes diſgrace.*

Our King, who in danger our leader is,
Advanc'd on a-pace
Darius *to face,*
Who with hundred thouſands met him and his:
But through them he broke,
Giving death each ſtroke,
And hardly the King himſelf then did miſs.

Darius *recruited laſt choſe his ground,*
His numbers and art
Might fright each cold heart,
For he at Arbella *us did ſurround:*
But led by our King
We fought in a ring,
Till death or ſhame did all our foes confound.

Epheſt. He who hereafter ſhall i' th' map compare
All *Aſia*, with what our limits were,
And ſhall but read what numbers we mow'd down
In theſe three Battels, for ſo great a Crown,
Would call our ſtory *Greek* and fabulos,
But that our foes will help record their loſs.
Perd. The King himſelf crouded ſo ſtill 'mongſt foes,
That we had ſcarce made way to him with blows;
But that his matchleſs valour theirs did ſlack,
Thouſands muſt rout them whom his fury brake.
Epheſt. No foes at *Iſus Ptolomy* could cool,
He had a Wench at night, a pretty fool.
Ptol. More kind and ſprightly did I never know;
Would we were all no worſe provided now.
Perd. What think you then of *Thais*, ſince we muſt
Be kind to ſomething, if to *Bacchus* juſt?
Epheſt. I her converſe ſhall ever think amiſs,
Since ſhe did make us burn *Perſepolis*.
Not but I think the counſel ſtill was good,
To ſcatter all thoſe foes to ſave more blood.
But 'tis condemn'd, becauſe a Whore and Wine
Caus'd that, which our grave Council ſhould deſign.
Ptol. Wil't pleaſe your Lordſhips to make choice of more,
The Camp affords many a ſtout young Whore.
Epheſt. But few of them are fit to ſerve your turn,
For at *Perſepolis* they all did burn.
Ptol. Well, to each other kindneſs ſhall abound,
This kiſs, my dear *Epheſtion*, ſend round:
We ſhall not ſurfeit as falſe women do,
For whilſt we drink at leaſt we ſhall be true.
Epheſt. To fair *Statira* then I will drink one.
Perd. Let it be three, her merit yields to none. [*They drink.*
And let the Muſick play till 'tis drunk out,
A higher health did never go about. [*Muſick.*
And now amongſt our ſelves we'l have a dance,
That the Wine may not bring a ſleeping trance. [*Dance.*
Ptol. And having kiſs'd, let's go make love or fight,
This mirth on friends or foes muſt heavy light.
Epheſt. No matter which, ſo we more drink refrain;
God *Bacchus* muſt not be caſt up again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Ptolomy.

Ptol, The Queen of *Amazons* now with a frown
Could not check love, when drink has warm'd my crown;
And though, for love, a Queen I would not ſtrike,
I may for conqueſt wreſtle it is like.

Enter Thaleſtris.

Madam, you did forbid my making love,
But now the ſpirit does ſo ſtrongly move,
That death's a trifle, and I boldly ſhall
Hazard your anger, wreſtling for a fall.

Thaleſt. Think what your King will do when it is known,
You ſtorm a Queen in his protection;
And how this rude affront will wound your fame,
And men of honour fear 'bove all things ſhame.

Ptol. The King I love, and fear 'bove all but you;
Yet him and deareſt fame I will loſe too.

Thaleſt. You needs muſt think I will cry out a rape.

Ptol. But though I cannot, yet you ſhall not 'ſcape.

Thaleſt. This which dull fools call inhumanity, [*aſide*.
Exceſs of love and ſpirit ſhews to me.
'Tis true, I once did threaten thee with force,
But if thine fails, never hope for remorſe.
But if by active ſtrength thy will thou gain,
Thou art a Prince, and thy Slave won't complain.

Ptol. If I ſcorn death when I for others fight,
I'l do't for thy *Elyzium*'s delight.

[*They tug a while, and the Queen o'r-throws him.*

Enter Alexander, *who finds her above him.*

Thaleſt. His drink, not I, has got him down at length,
But I am charm'd with his brave manly ſtrength.
Men's beauties force, by that we women find,
More then their words, they are ſincerely kind.
My honour and great *Alexander*'s now
Defended me, and guards him from rape too.
Women, who fight not, ſure would have been glad
Of Rape's excuſe to yield when they are mad. [*aſide*.

Alex. This Queen is mad 'bove women, but hath ſhown
Some courage yet, for ſhe acts Rapes alone. [*aſide*.
Fie, Madam, Queens ſhould great examples be,
And not like bruits aſſault men's liberty.

If one of my men such an act had done,
He should no more behold the rising Sun.
Thaleſt. Then he must die; if I the truth confeſs;
If not, the man most lov'd esteems me leſs.
For civil *Greece* thinks Rapes a horrid crime.
Hate and contempt I must expect from him.
But *Ptolomy* now has expos'd for me
Both life and fame, and I must grateful be.
Alex. I wonder not at your confusion,
For your examples are to us unknown.
Thaleſt. Sir, 'tis injustice so to brand with shame
That vital heat which does beget our fame:
That bred good nature, and loves rage in me
Acted what Wine or Feavers do we see.
If you high courage doe in hate approve,
Pray be not too severe to it in love.
Ptol. Madam, your matchleſs generosity
My pattern is, you sha' n't loſe fame for me.
By all the gods, Sir, this foul rape was mine,
My act was poor, as was the baſe design.
The brave Queen did no strength or courage lack,
To throw a guilty man upon his back.
Thaleſt. Believe him not, for Wine disturbs his brain.
Ptol. Her beauty and my love a faith will gain.
Alex. Thou doſt condemn thy self, and must not live,
The crimes 'gainſt honour we can worſt forgive.
Ptol. I should have joy'd in death, fighting for her.
Thaleſt. That would raiſe honour, this does love prefer.
King *Philip* sure his Mother thus had won,
And he but shew'd himself fathers none son.
But if a death is due to this his crime,
Beſtow it, Sir, on those gave drink to him.
Alex. She well has taught me that his crime's my own,
To his debauch my countenance was shown. [*aside.*
Madam, we both were guilty, and your doom
Shall be obey'd, what e're from you does come.
Thaleſt. My sentence then see ye exactly keep,
When ye drink next, get ye both to sleep.
Alex. You are at once both gentle, brave and fair.
Ptol. But cannot cure love as you do deſpair.
Thaleſt. If loving one 'bove you can't do the cure, [*to* Ptolomy.
Nothing will do't, you'l all things else endure.
But your tame whining love does vex me more,
Then if a beggar ask'd my whole wealths store.

Ptol. Then I your pardon beg, and you ſhall reſt.
Alex. And I'l ſecure you now from a new teſt. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The End of the Third Act.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hippolita *and* Amalthea *at ſeveral doors.*

Hip. ARe not friends bound in generoſity
To be in all their greateſt ſecrets free?
And can ſhe be a friend who ſeeks by ſtealth
To rob her beſt friend of her choiceſt wealth?
Amalth. No certainly, but pray your ſelf explain.
Hip. You would by ſtealth from me *Eumenes* gain.
Amalth. You know till now I knew not of your pain.
Hip. Then ſince dear friends do always ſelf deny,
That they each other may in love out-vie.
I do preſume you will not forward move
To rob your friend, who firſt declares her love.
Amalth. 'Twas I who firſt made love, you needs muſt own,
You had not from him elſe my ſecret known.
But though I willingly for thee would die,
Or, which is worſe, live always wretchedly;
Yet love o'r friendſhip needs muſt bear the ſway,
Becauſe in love we deſtiny obey.
And you will find of guilt an equal ſhare,
If you to me this Gallant will not ſpare.
Hip. A man could ne'r have parted us before;
But now I ſee we muſt be friends no more:
Fate has compell'd us both him ſo to love,
That we with honour muſt all rubs remove.
Amalth. Then ſince our friendſhip cannot be forgot,
'Tis handſomer to cut then loſe the knot. [*They draw and cloſe, then*

Enter Eumenes.

Eum. Hold, ſweeteſt Ladies, ye ought me to kill,
Rather then your own noble blouds to ſpill.
Hip. We ought indeed, for you have bred this ſtrife,
And quite deſtroy'd our free and happy life.

We us'd with kindneſs daily to embrace,
Juſt as we did through hate before your face.
Enm. Alas, what cauſe can move ye to contend,
When on a third I all my love muſt ſpend.
Hip. But if by death or falſhood you were croſt,
You promis'd then, our love ſhould not be loſt.
Amalth. Since that is ſo, I muſt no more contend,
But prove my ſelf at leaſt the better friend:
For when he's free, you ſhall the firſt year reign
O're him alone, then give him me again.
And if the love continue in all three,
We'l rule like friends by years ſucceſſively.
Hip. I ſcorn to be by any friend out-done,
You ſhall the firſt year have him for your own.
Enm. Ye will have time this kind ſtrife to decide,
Till when, my wiſhes equally divide. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

Enter Alexander *and* Statira.

Alex. I did diſſemble, Dear, till we met laſt;
Love ſcarce had ſeiz'd me, nor could hold me faſt.
You were an Image, ſeem'd to be all ſtone
But when love gave you life, I put love on.
Stat. Then, Sir, all women ſeeming kind, as I,
May rob, or have an equal ſhare with me.
Alex. No more then our kind Stars, whoſe good we know,
Equal the Sun, by which we live and grow:
For as that Planet's glory we moſt find,
So in his influence he is moſt kind.
Stat. But if another prove kinder then I,
Then I ſhall find new cauſe of jealouſie.
Alex. 'Tis true, when the bleſs'd Sun does leave us here,
And goes to gild the other Hemiſphere,
We then are guided by each ſtarry ſpark,
'Cauſe he unkindly left us in the dark.
Stat. I find I muſt not travel far from you,
If I will keep you to my ſelf ſtill true.
Alex. Not farther then the Sun who comes again
Each day, and yet his abſence we complain.
Yet I for you without falſe lights could mourn,
So you would make at laſt a kind return.

But

But there's no living on your light alone,
Without kind influence I'm dead and gone:
Like the cold *Russians* in Winter time,
Who must to earth, or seek a warmer Clime.
Stat. Sir, the blest'd Sun loves all things that do grow,
But my loves influence falls all on you:
But if my fame bars making it too known,
And yours now lets you not love me alone,
We are undone with too much happiness,
Our joy's or griefs can ne'r be more or less.
Alex. 'Tis true, the Sun his love throws every where,
But you give all that I can e'r hold dear.
If you your self entirely will bestow,
For fate no more can let me love or know.
But for *Roxanna*, right and honour too,
Tie me to have with her no more to do.
And for your fame, 'tis true, you cannot have
Kind thoughts for those your father sent to th' grave:
But all the ills he did from me indure,
Were he alive, I both could and would cure.
Stat. Sir, to your reasons I should scarce incline,
Had I not warrant for it that's divine:
Diana lately did to me appear,
And bid me love the man I held most dear,
And that I should not much prolong his pain;
But left the rest till we two met again.
So that I cannot be for marriage free,
Till the bright goddess next appears to me.
Alex. You are sure wrought on by confederates,
For we have but few parleys with the Fates;
But when the deities do ought reveal,
'Tis to their Priests, what they from us conceal:
And you the goddess will behold no more,
Which fills me with despair more then before.
Stat. Sir, there were none who knew of my design
To pray to her when she on me did shine;
There was my woman, who me waits upon,
Who saw, and knew 'twas no delusion.
Alex. But in what dress did she to you appear?
Stat. A Head-piece on, and in her hand a Spear.
As fame does tell us, *Dian* oft was wont
So to be clad when she went forth to hunt.
Alex. 'Tis a good hint, an Oracle to fain. [*aside.*
From *Ephesus*, sought and return'd again.

Madam,

Madam, long ſince I ſent a man away
To *Epheſus*, who muſt return this day,
And 'twas to know all my ſucceſs in love,
To learn if e'r the gods your heart would move.
If by a meſſenger, whoſe faith you know,
The gods ſhould order you to marry now,
I hope you will believe then that you hear
The goddeſs by her faithful miniſter:
For 'twill be time your cruelty to ſlack,
I have been very long upon your rack.

Stat. Sir, I ſhall be too willing to believe
That which my higheſt wiſh is to receive;
But would not be deceiv'd, though for my good,
Nor act againſt the gods, ill underſtood.
But ſince I lately found the goddeſs kind,
My love and zeal will make my faith more blind.
And when you have me for your own once ſure,
We'l then examine who did moſt endure.

Alex. Tell me (fair Saint) each word the goddeſs ſaid.

Stat. No, that's the way to be by you betray'd.
But if your Oracle with mine agree,
Then I am ſure our love is deſtiny:
And *Dian*'s Prieſt may then, without a crime,
Of our eternal bonds give the wiſh'd time.

Alex. Thoſe bonds will give the gods felicity
To us, whoſe loves ne'r let them ſin nor die.
For thy chaſte flame will mingle ſo with mine,
That we above ſhall like one ſtar both ſhine.

Stat. I wiſh the goddeſs may be ſoon more plain,
Whether by life or death ſhe'l end our pain:
For 'tis not againſt nature ſoon to die,
So we together live eternally.

Alex. Though we ne'r meet, we ſhall together be,
Thy perfect image dwells in dreams with me.
And ſince thy love, thou art ſo lovely grown,
That my thoughts cannot part from thee alone:
For if dead things have a magnetick force,
Our rays muſt have more diſtant intercourſe.
But why ſhould not our ſouls at our lips meet?
May I not taſte that which is fair and ſweet?
Can you invite two ſenſes to a feaſt,
And yet deny my third to be your gueſt.

Stat. Yes, Sir, the fire which does but gently warm,
Does burn when once 'tis touch'd. And to ſhun harm,

I will

I will retire, that you no more may ask,
Left my denial prove too hard a task. [*Exeunt.*

[Alexander *speaks to* Epheſtion *at the door as he goes out.*

Promiſe *Cleona* any thing to get
The Oracle to ſtrengthen our deceit.

Then enter Epheſtion *and* Cleona *alone.*

Epheſt. Madam, the King hopes you your help will give,
To do your Miſtreſs good; though to deceive
He wants a copy of the Oracle
Diana gave to frame another well,
That may command her to her happineſs,
Which will in nothing be then the Kings leſs.
And to make ſure, he farther bid me ſay,
That any portion for you he'll pay,
To marry you upon his wedding day.

Cleon. My Lord, did I not know that I ſhall do
What's beſt for her, and what will pleaſe her to,
All the Kings treaſures would not move my heart
From my love and fidelity to ſtart:
But I the Oracle will write you out;
If you can frame a new, ſhe will not doubt.

Epheſt. The Eunuch *Tyreus* ſhe much does truſt,
Yet for her good he muſt to us be juſt:
He is return'd from *Epheſus*, we'l ſay,
Though he was ſent long ſince another way;
He ſhall the Oracle to her hands give,
Which when ſhe ſees, if ſhe will not believe,
We'l get her ſend a meſſage of her own,
For the Prieſt dares not make another known.

Cleon. She will believe the Eunuch with much eaſe,
The man ſhe truſts, and the news too will pleaſe;
And there will ſcarce be room for a miſtruſt,
If yours be fitted to the true one juſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter the Amazon *Queen alone.*

Thaleſt. Though I, like men, have learn'd to fight and woe,
To be accompliſh'd I muſt try drink too,
Whether 'twill ſo improve my friends and me,
As it I found of late did *Ptolemy*.
But if he then again on me fall on,
Wine may abate my reſolution:

But if I him resist, my honour's great;
If forc'd, the pleasure without blame I get.
But drink may make me lose the King's esteem,
For love and Wine may make me ravish him.
No, though I am the Queen of liberty,
Queens must preserve a *Greek* civility.

Enter Hippolita *and* Amalthea.

Hip. If we disturb your meditation,
Madam, we pardon beg, and will be gone.

Thalest. No, I of nothing serious did think,
'Twas that we best should speak our minds in drink.

Amalth. Madam, we han't been honour'd so before;
We'l drink and fight with you all the world o'r.

Hip. Give us some wine there, that we freely may
Drink a full rouse to this great holiday. [*They bring wine.*

Thalest. To the King's health; may he a surfeit find
Of all to what he now is most inclin'd. [*She drinks to* Hippolita.

Hip. We should drink as we fight, in discipline.
Here is to all who love this famous Queen:
Give me more wine to pay my debt next too.
Madam, this is to do you reason now. [*drink twice.*

Thalest. 'Twould please me more if his again it were;
But he will never love me most, I fear:
And yet I hear *Roxanna*'s from him gone,
Whom the world says he much did doat upon.
Were he but marri'd to *Statira* now,
It might cure love when nothing else would do.

Amalth. Madam, this health is his who most loves you.

Thalest. Next to the Kings, 'tis the best health I know.
But his I must to you first drink away,
And now acknowledgment to both I'l pay. [*she drinks twice.*
My brains are warm, and I already find,
Spight of my self that I shall grow more kind.

[Alexander *passing over the Stage, she meets him, and speaks.*

Sir, I have heard *Roxanna*'s from you gone,
Have you so soon with all your women done?

Alex. No, I detest such base inconstancy,
But I have found her too unjust to me.

Thalest. Sir, I have much of curiosity,
To know how many you prize more then me?

Alex. None but *Statira*, by the gods I swear
Is so accomplish'd, or to me so dear;
She seiz'd my heart before our interview,
Which might have been a prize to you else due.

Thalest.

Thaleſt. Though ſlaviſh women uſe not to beſtow
Hearts on thoſe men who do to others bow,
Yet thy great merit makes it deſtiny,
I cann't but do't, and in drink tell it thee.
Wine does make love like Spring-tides over-flow,
Elſe I ſhould ſcorn you ſhould this weakneſs know.
Alex. 'Tis deſtiny makes me her priſ'ner too,
I cannot if I would eſcape to you.
Thaleſt. What is it, Sir, that you ſo much prefer?
I fain would know the charm prevails in her.
Alex. I know not, you are fair and ſmooth as ſhe,
Your kindneſs, wits, and ſpirits equal be:
But 'tis a tender ſerious aſpect,
Which ſeems all buſ'neſs but love to neglect;
Her ſweet ſad look ſo on one object dwells,
'Twould make one ſwear ſhe'l think of nothing elſe.
Thaleſt. Let me but have you for one month alone,
Then truſt to proofs who you moſt doats upon.
My ſoul's as much as hers to you confin'd,
And will as long be conſtant and as kind.
Alex. Theſe were reliſtleſs charms, did I not find
Her muſick makes me deaf as her eyes blind. [*aſide.*
Madam, my Princeſs is ſo kind now grown,
That in few hours I hope we ſhall be one;
And parting can by us be no more born,
Then if one limb were from another torn.
Forgive this, Madam, ſince I am like you,
Who love but one, and to her all is due.
Thaleſt. How cruel's this, that you are dead to me,
And yet muſt in my heart ſtill buri'd lie;
But if you find any inconſtancy
In you or her, ſhall I then ſovereign be?
Alex. Love once ingraft and grown, death parts alone,
But if 't ſoon dies, the rotten bough cut down,
No branch but you my ſtock ſhall come upon.
Thaleſt. Marr'age may help me yet with jealouſie,
Though appetites from change ſhould ſtill be free. [*aſide.*
Sir, what you promiſe now that you'l fulfill,
Give me your hand on't, or what elſe you will.
Alex. She prompts me ſo, I were ill bred to miſs,
Here is my hand and ſeal too with a kiſs. [*they kiſs.*
Thaleſt. His breath with ſoft and warm impreſſion
Blows my burnt wine into a flame unknown.
Sir, to ſhun rudeneſs, rudely I'l be gone. [*Exit.*

Alex. Loves different effects by this we see,
That kiss so sweet to her wan's talle with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Cleona *alone.*

Cleon. Those few to whom the King's hopes are made known,
Knowing his word may be reli'd upon,
Are for my gold idolaters now grown.

Enter Perdiccas.

Perdiccas here, whose pride and quality
Would scarce permit him to look down on me,
With zeal me ofter then the gods will see.

Perd. Were your thoughts now on me, 'twere happiness,
Madam, beyond what words can e'r express.

Cleon. Indeed they were, for I shall freely own,
I know none more worth admiration.

Perd. If this be from your love, you'l make me grow
The envy of mankind when they it know.

Cleon. Fear not, my Lord, my care shall hinder all
The mischief that on you from me may fall.

Perd. The greatest from your eyes I shall receive,
If you for pity heal not wounds they give.

Cleon. I cann't but wonder my eyes have done more,
Now in a day, then in whole years before;
And more, that you should hope I ever should
Believe love, where civility was cold.

Perd. The war and bus'ness, Madam, gave no space
To study your fair mind and lovely face:
And for your fortune I not court you now,
Mine's as I wish, high as your hopes you know.

Cleon. He whom his bus'ness more then love can move,
Will not be very busie in his love.
And though you do abound in your wealths store,
Yet avarice is wishing still for more.

Perd. Then let it now a while on you prevail,
Love me, and I'l on you my wealth intail.

Cleon. You are, I see, my humble servant now,
And you would be my Master, is't not so?
The suit is modest, you my stock would have,
And when you die, that and your own you'l leave.
But I shall not part with my certainty,
To purchase your remote contingency.

They are bold beggars who ask all we have,
And I shall give such nothing when they crave.
If at one cast my all I throw away,
'Twill be to one who long respect did pay.
Perd. I shall an age submit so you at last,
Your fair self will bestow for service past.
Cleon. But if there's one ador'd me when but poor,
And he waits on with you, he'l merit more:
Yet if to pay his love you are content,
I give my wealth to wed you I consent.
Perd. You and your gift declare you more love him,
And wise men seldom marry for esteem.
Cleon. For gratitude I him do value most,
And when he's paid, you'l gain what he has lost.
Perd. But you of this can no assurance make.
Cleon. He can't have me who will not my word take.
Perd. I would believe you in things past and known,
You know not future inclination.
And therefore I shall yield to his success,
Who did more timely his less love express. [*Exit* Perdiccas.

SCENE VII.

Enter Eumenes *to her.*

Cleon. Base wretch, I knew this way would set me free
From avarice, and thy false company.
But here comes he who lov'd the she alone,
When I no treasure had, nor friend to own.
Sir, that I fully now may let you know,
That I more then my self have loved you;
Though I refus'd to make your fortune less
When it was low, and I was in distress:
Yet now my wealth is like to weigh yours down,
Were it much more, it were with me your own.
Eum. That generosity you then did show,
Madam, with grief, I must repay you now;
But for this present I no course can take,
But ever all acknowledgments to make.
Your fortune and your self, so fair and good,
Will make you fit for Princes of the bloud,
And I will pine till death in sad estate,
Rather then your least glory to abate.
Cleon. Must I then wooe, and be refus'd now too?

Take heed, *Eumenes*, what you make me do.
To take a Prince would give you small delight,
But if you slight me, I may do't in spight.
True glory sure does not in titles dwell,
But in the acts of those who merit well.
I rather would a man of honour have,
Then honourable man whose soul's a slave.
I value not esteem from those so poor,
To like me for my cloaths or titles more.

Eum. But I of wealth or power shall you deprive.

Cleon. 'Tis not by those we happily do live:
They do but more of flatterers bring on,
And raise on us man's expectation.
Trouble and envy still does them attend,
And we lose three when we oblige one friend,
'Cause all, to more then they deserve pretend.

Eum. But want does bring all people to contempt.

Cleon. My stock alone would us from that exempt.
We in the world most happiness do find
In equal competence of wealth and mind.
But there's no joy truly worth thinking on,
But of true Lovers when retir'd alone.

Eum. Ah, Madam, you scarce dare to think what bliss,
Our grouth of pleasure, and its harvest is,
And how each hour our youths seem to renue,
Free from disputes but whose most kind and true;
And at those minutes we our presents give,
The rich reward we gratefully receive.

Cleon. I more a sympathy in worth admire,
Which makes us (like one mind) the same desire,
Then those frail joys, which time makes soon expire.
For there is in true love such compleisance,
That the least cross proposal is mischance,
Whilst each their bliss in th' others does advance.

Eum. You'l make love generosity exceed
In me, though honour gets in you the speed.

Cleon. But for all this, I shall not marry yet,
Till what the King has promis'd me I get;
Nor will I my own wishes think of more,
Till I my Mistress see happy before.

Eum. Must friendship too, to her your love excel,
Whilst you permit me to do nothing well?

Cleon. No, womens friendships love buries at last,
But these are grateful rites for what is past.

And it is fit your honour to love yield,
For you have got enough of that i' th' field:
But I till now ſome proof of mine did want,
But yet in love ſha'n't be then you more ſcant. [*Exeunt.*

The end of the Fourth Act.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Ptolomy *and the* Amazon *Queen.*

Ptol. I Durſt not wait on you, Madam, to ſhow
That gratitude, which for my life I owe;
But meeting you alone, I muſt confeſs,
That you were brave to me in the exceſs.
For thoſe who ſhow a generoſity,
Do't to a friend, or a brave enemy.
But mine was both a poor and baſe ſurprize;
Though you it kindly did to th' King diſguiſe:
But it was goodneſs that does want a name,
That you for my ſake would have loſt your fame.
Thaleſt. I value men, who by attempts I find
To be exceſſively both bold and kind;
And you could not ſhew more of both to me,
Had you deſtroy'd my greateſt enemy.
Ptol. Then, Madam, I can ſcorn both fear and ſhame,
And can ſubdue, though drink my force did lame. [*he offers to kiſs.*
Thaleſt. Hold, though I can value a brave attempt,
Yet Sov'reigns muſt be from all force exempt. [*ſhe draws a poniard.*
And though the Lover I am loath to kill,
Yet the rude Traitors bloud in you I'l ſpill;
For you are now without your drinks excuſe,
Which ſav'd you from revenge for laſt abuſe.
Ptol. My love does carry me above fear of ſmart. [*he offers new rudeneſs.*
Thaleſt. Such love to ſtrike now goes againſt my heart.
To ſave my honour then, and find loſt reſt,
For the King's ſake and thine 'tis in my breaſt. [*ſhe ſtabs her ſelf.*
Ptol. Though my hand made your blow to ſlip aſide; [*he catches her arm.*
Yet it is fit our blouds ſhould be alli'd. [*he ſtabs himſelf.*
But I for haſte upon a rib have ſtruck,
And yet I have let out a purple brook.

Thaleſt.

Thaleſt. By all the gods, if you do ſtrike again, [*ſhe ſtays his hand.*
With the ſame weapon I will here be ſlain.
Ptol. This ſecond baſeneſs I muſt not out-live.
Thaleſt. 'Twas mine, from praiſe you boldneſs did receive.
And therefore yield my dagger back to me.
Ptol. That's to be guilty of your deſtiny.
Thaleſt. No, we will live by compact, if you pleaſe,
Though each prolong by life our loves diſeaſe.
Ptol. I would obey you, but I cannot live,
If you no kind of hopes to me will give.
Thaleſt. Then though I none, whilſt the King lives, will know,
Love makes thee near as lovely as he now:
But if (without thy guilt) he yields his breath,
Thou ſhalt be my firſt love after his death;
So as thou do to none baſely conſent,
To ſwey 'bove thee thy *Egypt*'s government.
Ptol. I need not, Madam, ſuch temptation,
To make me take a Crown when he is gone.
But though this happineſs ſhould never be,
You cure deſpair, which elſe had ſeized me.
Thaleſt. 'Tis equal chance which of you ſhall ſurvive,
But what the gods ordain we ſhould not grieve:
But if you hap to live unto that day,
You ſha'n't ſeek me, I'l meet you then half way.
Ptol. Ah, how the thought of it my ſoul does charm.
Thaleſt. I hope we then ſhould keep each other warm.
But you who know too well your Lunacie,
Should not think thoughts to make your love more high.
Ptol. Then for your own ſake think not of the King.
Thaleſt. Since both are mad, counſel no good can bring.
Ptol. But it is time you think now of your wound.
Thaleſt. And you ſhall do what you to me propound. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Statira *and* Tyreus *the Eunuch.*

Stat. Where, *Tyreus*, haſt thou found diverſion,
To keep thee from thy friends here ſo unknown?
Tyr. Madam, the King with private haſte me ſent
To *Epheſus*, to know his loves event;
And ſince my haſty abſence made me ſhew
A rudeneſs then, I wait on you firſt now.

Stat.

Stat. Thou always wert with fervent zeal inclin'd
To us, and we were to our power ſtill kind;
And therefore I in nothing doubt thy truth,
Who haſt continu'd faithful from thy youth.
But ſince thy kindneſs brought thee firſt to me,
Obliege me firſt the Oracle to ſee.

Tyr. Madam, to you, if any, I'd reveal
That which the King bid me from all conceal:
But if I fail in this, I am but dead,
The leaſt word utter'd will coſt me my head.

Stat. Doubt you my truth or my diſcretion?

Tyr. In either you diſtruſted are by none.
But if you pleaſe to let me to him go,
I promiſe I'l a copy keep for you.

Stat. Declining families ſtill loſe their power,
You would not once have delay'd me an hour.

Tyr. Then here it is, that you for truth may know
I never lov'd or fear'd you more then now.

[Statira *takes and reads the* Oracle.

THY love to that great Houſe muſt be confin'd,
Which moſt the fury of thy Arms did find.
Love muſt reſtore that people who did feel
Their hurts and loſſes from thy dreadful ſteel.
She thou adoar'ſt has felt thy deſtiny,
And fate does force her love as much as thee.
Your joys on earth ſhall be natures full ſtore.
But when we meet above ye ſhall know more.
But if 'gainſt my command and natures, ſhe
Torment thee ſtill, ſhe ſhall feel worſe from me.

Stat. 'Twas honour and not I bred my delay,
Goddeſs thou know'ſt how gladly I obey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Alexander *and* Epheſtion.

Epheſt. No glory, Sir, like yours, had ſuch quick birth,
Nor any man's has ſo o'r-ſpread the earth:
Valour nor numbers ever yet could tame,
Or ſtop the progreſs of your growing fame;
Torrents nor ſnowy hills could men defend,
Where you like lightning would your ſelf extend.

Your valours flame which warm'd all us were near,
At the same time has froze your foes with fear.
Alex. Ah, my *Ephestion*, I did still intend,
By conquering to make the world my friend,
And we almost have beat all Tyrants down,
And, more then any, clemency have shown.
But I have chiefly sought hazards most hard,
That I might all my *Macedons* reward;
But their pretensions do faster grow,
Then we the frighted world can overflow.
Those who were pleas'd when I bestow'd a Town,
Are scarce content now to command one Crown.
Epheſt. And when to one man's merit you are free,
Too many Rivals you disgusted see;
But if you no man should therefore reward,
They worse would cry out that their case were hard.
But, Sir, your matchless generosity
Does wound you most, which you have shew'd to me.
For Kings, like Mistresses, most let alone,
When they their partial favours shower on one.
And therefore as your friend I should retire,
And yield your bounties back, 'tis my desire.
Alex. Hast thou in all things cherish'd my good name,
And would'st my honour in my friendship shame?
Should he, who teaches all men to obey,
Bear what ingrateful subjects now may say?
No, I am brave in nothing, if no friend,
And he is none who does let friendship end?
No, my *Ephestion*, were I now to chuse,
I would for thee the world with glory lose.
Epheſt. Were't come to that, my self then to undo,
I'd tell you, you would lose *Statira* too.
Alex. Thou ought'st not then to tempt my honour so.
Epheſt. I can no way my grateful soul express,
But by design to make you love me less.
And if our honour we 'bove all things prize,
What is't to lose esteem where friendship ties?
Alex. It would so rack thy noble soul, that I
Should suffer with thee the same misery;
For when two souls in sympathy once grow,
They by instinct each others griefs do know.
Epheſt. Then, Sir, I am in honour bound to die.
Alex. That were the worst of all calamity:

For I in nothing can unhappy prove,
Whilſt I can keep *Statira*'s and thy love.
Should I thoſe ſenſors value, who accuſe
Me for thoſe vices which themſelves do uſe;
And when they find no crimes, they make it one
To wear veſts of a conquer'd Nation,
Saying, the cloaths do ſhow we are not free
From their effeminate vaſt luxury.
No, I deſpiſe them who love liberty,
And yet their King's juſt freedom would deny.
Epheſt. All you can do, Sir, they ſhall ſtill pervert,
Becauſe they think they have not their deſert.
Alex. But were I cruel to my friends as they,
They would be more in awe of what they ſay.

Enter Thaleſtris, *and exit* Epheſtion.

SCENE IV.

Thaleſt. Though honour, Sir, will make me ſtill deteſt
To enjoy him, who loves another beſt,
Yet by your influence, love is ſo grown,
That I ſhould ſoon to abſent ſhades be gone,
But that *Statira*'s Rival here doth ſtay,
Wiſhing as much as you her marriage day.
For ſhould I long continue with you here,
My ſober love would like my drink appear.
Alex. Till now I have not heard of one would chooſe
That, which ſhe wiſh'd to get, with ſpeed to looſe.
Thaleſt. Sir, your *Statira*'s more then any ſhe,
If ſhe's without ſome hid deformity;
But if more knowledge ſhould diſcover naught,
But that her mind and body's as it ought;
Yet all minds have an inequality,
Which will make them diſtruſt or diſagree.
For when *Statira* ſhall ſometimes be dull,
Then love will ſeem not anſwer'd to the full:
And when you her frolick and wanton find,
Then you will doubt ſhe may to more be kind.
Alex. I ſhall conſider how our tempers will
Be changing like the winds and ſeaſons ſtill:
But love and reaſon my *Statira* ſway,
To make her always kind without allay;

And she's so full of honour, and so just,
That giving all to me I her may trust;
For she by proof will find at length in me,
The highest love, and greatest constancy.

Thales. Sir, if I could, I would not you believe,
For 'twould so wound me, I to death should grieve:
But I will hope, however she fits you,
You'l think there may be more in one more new.

Alex. If she be as I think her, I were mad
To look for more then all that's to be had.
But, Madam, that my expectation,
She well may fail, pray, for your peace, think on.

Thales. I will do so, Sir, and wish that you may
Promote your joys and my hopes both this day;
And then to morrow I will hence depart,
Leaving behind with you alone my heart,
And telling you, you may command the rest,
If time makes you resolve to love me best.

Alex. Since you so honour me, Madam, I'l try
To joyn hands with *Statira* presently.

Thales. Pray do so, Sir, for 'tis my being here
Makes her so much the loss of you to fear;
For till I came, she not confess'd her love,
Which shews the spirit did not strongly move:
For had she been in earnest kind as I,
You had not pin'd so long in misery;
And were I gone, she might, as heretofore,
Keep you admiring her for evermore:
For she of marriage may think like me,
As that which loseth womens sov'reignty.

Alex. I should believe this, Madam, were 't not known
She always scorn'd dissimulation,
And therefore would not counterfeit a heat,
Her freedom to disturb, if not defeat.

Thales. Women will all things lose rather, you know,
Then highest ranks, to stoop to those below.
But since we differ now on the event,
Go and begin your fond experiment. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Eumenes *and* Cleona.

Eum. Since we must marry, why should we in vain
Lose those sweet hours will not come back again?

Unto

Unto ſome private Temple let's be gone,
To warrant there loves conſummation.
Cleon. I gave my reaſons, Sir, to you to day,
There need no new ones now of our delay:
But know, I never will in private do
That which I would not own in publick too.
But this your haſte my temper is to try,
Whether a loving woman can deny;
And if I ſhould ſo ſoon yield to you now,
I might be to gallants as quick you know.
Eum. Madam, your virtue to the world is known,
And you to me too have ſuch rigour ſhown,
That I ſhould of too little love complain,
Since you to me ſeem drawn to it with pain.
Cleon. When it is decent that I come to th' proof,
Perhaps I then may ſhew you love enough:
But you are fond of time, which ſoon will paſs,
And when 'tis gone, all's one how ſpent it was.
Eum. Madam, 'tis otherwiſe with me I find,
I joy to think of each paſt look was kind;
And what you laſt ſpoke kinder then before,
I ſhall be glad to think of evermore:
With much more ſenſe I ſhall remember then,
Each time that I was feaſted 'bove all men.
Cleon. You have, I ſee, a method in delight,
To make your joyes laſting and infinite.
But they, as all things will be better grown,
By our prolonging expectation.
Eum. But if long faſts make common ſtomachs weak,
Loves ſcorching flames our hearts may ſooner break.
Cleon. But we have more cauſe to dread ſurfeits now,
For great *Statira* ſoon will yield, I know;
And it is time I now to her were gone,
To talk of her love, whilſt I think my own.
Eum. So Angels dying Saints are wont to chear,
By telling them eternal joys are near.

SCENE VI.

Enter Alexander *and* Statira *at ſeveral doors.*

Alex. May you continue, Madam, now inclind,
As you were always, that's of the god's mind;

Then

Then you who frequently to them do pray,
Their wills here writ will not again delay. *[She gives her the Oracle.*
Stat. Pray, Sir, who brought this? for I sure would know
Their wills, and then not fail to do them too.
Alex. The Eunuch *Tyreus*, whom you'l believe.
Stat. He ne'r did any one, I think, deceive.
Besides, this has concurrence with that clear,
Which with my Woman onely I did hear.
Alex. Let me not then be by delays o'r-thrown,
Conquer, but raze not, a submitting Town.
If you continue your severe delay,
I shall to ashes turn this very day.
Stat. Ah, Sir, you'l find I love as much as you,
We now will vie who is most kind or true.
Alex. My love so much excels those gone before,
That for your sake I never can love more.
Stat. But no preceding light I e'r did see,
Yours was the first and last that dazled me;
My love begotten was and grew from hate,
To prove't a strong immortal child of fate.
Alex. But reason taught me to love you so well,
'Cause you in all things others did excel:
For in your eyes love like a Prince does sway,
Yet can by turns with childish sweetness play.
Sometimes with looks so with compassion fill'd,
As a soft mother's to an onely child:
Then with eyes languishing, and so sincere,
As if those crystals your souls mirrours were.
No wonder then if all is bright below,
When from such lively Stars the light does flow.
Nor can I wonder at your shape and grace,
Since your great soul forms its own dwelling place.
Stat. Sir, I but little modesty shall show,
If I not rudely interrupt you now;
You but instruct me, Sir, what 'tis I want,
The world's soul, dwelling in you, to inchant.
Alex. No, Madam, your fair volume's infinite,
All fraught with wonders and unknown delight;
And I but tell you this to let you see,
There can no time for other studies be;
Nor any mortal else worthy my thought,
By whose false charms I may be from you wrought.
Stat. If my mistaken worth, Sir, makes you true,
'Tis fit you know why all love is your due.

When

When you from chace of great *Darius* came,
My hate then ſtifled all thoughts of your fame;
But when you in our tents did firſt appear,
You look'd like one that taught the world to fear.
But when the rage of fight had given place
To your compaſſion of our ſad caſe.
Valour did ſhine, ſo mix'd with clemency,
That you appear'd to me a deity.
But finding you in fight a wound had got,
Which, through your care of us, you valu'd not,
Pity and gratitude ſo ſeiz'd my heart,
That of love's wound and yours I felt the ſmart.

Alex. How happy did that great day prove to me,
Though 'twas the firſt of my captivity!

Stat. You conquer'd then my father, Sir, and me,
Though I contended long, like that great Prince,
Till your kind acts, like valour, did convince.
And all that worth which you ſuſpect in me,
I ſhar'd from you with friends in miſery:
So that all kindneſs I muſt ever owe
To him, whoſe equal I in nothing know,
In whoſe mix'd looks love, truth and courage meet,
With all the charms to lovers gay and ſweet.

Alex. My joy, like Wine, breeds feavers, and I die,
If I ſo faſt drink my felicity.
'Tis time that I ſome pleaſant Julips take;
Let the Prieſt, Madam, cure two hearts that ake.

Stat. The Sun and you, Sir, rule the world and me,
And I no more ſhall any thing deny;
Your rule will ſo neceſſitate my bliſs,
That, like the gods, I cannot do amiſs.

Alex. Enter, my friends, to ſhare joy with your King,
Who would diſtribute to you every thing.

Enter Epheſtion, Ptolomy, Perdiccas *and* Eumenes;
Thaleſtris, Hippolita, Amalthea *and* Cleona.

SCENA ULTIMA.

Alex. Ah, my *Epheſtion*, there's nothing can add
To my full joy, but ſeeing thee as glad.

Epheſt. That, Sir, I now upon your ſcore ſhall be,
What ever is in love my deſtiny.

Alex.

Alex. Ah, say not so, in friendship is not found
Such springing joys, as do in love abound.
When night has cool'd me with *Statira's* snow,
Warm love again from her bright eyes will flow.
And her red poppy cheeks and vi'let veins,
Will give refreshing sleep after all pains.
And charms excelling these there none can be,
Unless her being kind onely to me.

Epheſt. That, Sir, is it gives me strong passion
For her fair Sister, who's like her alone;
But honour will not let her stoop so low,
As unto any Subjects love to bow.

Alex. I can make thee great as her father was.
And you and I may bring this match to pass. [*speaks to* Statira.

Stat. My business, Sir, is more then to comply,
I owe you all, and shall pay really.

Alex. But since her sickness does give us delay,
We will to Church, I can no longer stay.
And am well pleas'd, *Eumenes*, to have thee
And fair *Cleona* in our company.

Eum. You often, Sir, have me more bravely led,
But rest's more sweet in love's then honour's bed.

Alex. This conquest is greater then any then,
For now we subdue those who conquer men.
And therefore I'l in triumph lead the way,
For we can ne'r see such another day.
Madam, I hope we shall be honour'd now [*she speaks to* Thalestris.
With your wish'd company to th' Temple too.

Thaleſt. Excuse me, Sir, if I resolve to shun
The witnessing your being both undone.
But I have made some *Amazons* advance
To give your Majesty this night a dance.
And I will wait i' th' morning when you rise,
To see what charms remains in the Queens eyes.

Alex. Such as for ever I shall so adore,
That hardly to the gods I can pay more.

FINIS.